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OUR AIM: To Tell the Truth, Obey the Law, and Make Money. OUR MOTTO: Talk for Home, Work for Home, and Fight for Home.

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REFLECTIONS.

Written for this paper by Col. J. S. Felter, Springfield, Illinois.

To one the violin is perfection.
To one the Piano is everything.
To one the Bray of an Ass charms.
An escaped convict is a liar at large.
To one the Banjo is perfect sweetness.
To one the Bay of the Hound is music.
Few men rise above their surroundings.
The love of popular applause holds back many noble traits of character.

All the law ever made, sacred or profane, was made to wild or restrict a lie.

A liar is often heard claiming decent relations, hence their presence in reform work.

One man's brain differs from that of another man, as much so as his color, form and face.

The atmospheric influence of environments retains an impression that lingers along the trail of years.

A man is not a thief because he is a Republican but the fact he is a Republican helps to create suspicion.

The average man seems content with the opportunity to get at the "Grab Bag" and regards all results as "Luck."

Independent thought and action is the guide board pointing to the nobility of soul. And few recognize the divinity of its nature.

In the state of Nebraska the democrats and populists, after agreeing that two "pups" equal one old "dog," have "faced." Now watch the old dog get busy.

A lie lays at the bottom of all crime. Sentiment is not principle. Passion is not justice. Belief is not knowledge. Hatred is not virtue. Love is not wisdom.

What system, regime or creed could man devise to meet and fix the exact standard of happiness to meet the taste, fancies, hope, love and pleasure of every one.

The world is the intellectual harvest field and many glean after the reaper. The masses glean after the gleaner while the idle and unconcerned sleep on the chaff.

If there is any mystery about the political "Graft" the key to the combination may be found in the pocket of the fellow that quit the ministry to enter into Partisan Politics.

The ear is the receiver that conveys to the brain the sound, and the brain determines all according to the inherent color and form of the brain cells and this truth runs through the entire animal kingdom.

Politicians out of the penitentiary say there is no crime committed until it is proven in Court. Self educated men are the Gems in the Crown of civilization. Civilization is the ideal heights of self denial. Cupidity is the trough in the wild sea of passion, walled in between the ebb and flow of dissolution and evolution.

The world in all ages has had its "great men" that stood for righteousness, and the world has them now and justice is on the wing and soon will cross the line of partisan idolatry, ignorance and bigotry and mingle among all men when the heroes of today join the heroes of the past, and stand in monumental grandeur the administration of the living.

A half civilized man holds the same position in the intellectual and moral kingdom that a mule holds in the animal kingdom. It is a long road from barbarism to civilization, and few travel over it. You will find the majority of mankind camped somewhere along the first and second quarter of the journey, to get by is "Hell" but to survive the effort is Heaven.

We like to think of this old world coming down the ages bearing on its shoulders the robes of the strength of evolution and victory and of how many that struggled with the elements and gradually rose higher and higher, and with every step on the infinite mountain of progress becoming sweeter and purer is the unfolding power of truth until their names and life grace the volumes of history and

add to human nature the power of truth in overcoming the coarse and vulgar instincts of man and inspiring our young men with love for the right.

As we stand on the mountain top looking far away across the valley to the distant hilltops and watch the white clouds like battalions move along the sky line and pass beyond our vision, we think of that noble army of men that has passed along the intellectual skyline of other days, and view their struggles and victories like stars with eternal beauty set, to point with truth's unerring hand the royal highway over which greatness travels. We love to think of them standing like guide boards on the highways of life pointing out the right road that leads to deathless fame. They fill the struggling present with hope and drive away visions of total depravity and fill us with hope for our country.

THE LAW, THE LAWYER AND NEGLECTED JUSTICE.



MAN named Patrick has for some time been under sentence of death for having murdered an old man who had long been his friend and had loaded him with favors. Himself a lawyer, Patrick has secured extraordinary delay in the disposal of his case. Finally he retained David B. Hill to appear before the court of last resort in his behalf. Mr. Hill's argument was made Monday. Concerning the guilt or innocence of the accused the counsel said little, and that in a most perfunctory way. His appeal for a new trial seems to have been based wholly on the ground that a son of one of the judges who passed on an earlier appeal was employed in the office of the district attorney who prosecuted the case.

One James Hazen Hyde is wanted to testify before a committee of the legislature which is investigating what seems to be the most colossal crime of the century—namely, the misuse and malversation of the savings of hundreds of thousands of holders of life insurance policies. Mr. Hyde—and associates—knows well about all the details of this crime of high finance. Mr. Hyde professes himself clear of conscience concerning it. But instead of coming to testify he keeps out of range of a subpoena, and finds a shrewd lawyer to write for him a denial—not of the offence, but of the legality of the committee which is looking into it.

Under the theory of the law the attorney is an officer of the court charged with securing equal and exact justice for all. If a prosecutor, it is not his duty to send an innocent man to death; if counsel for the defence, it is not, ethically, his part to secure immunity for one guilty of crime. But the practice and the theory of the law seem to have drifted very far apart. Mr. Hill's argument for Patrick and Mr. Untermyer's plea for Hyde do not touch on the questions really at issue. They are mere quibbles, intended to defeat justice for the profit of a client.

Is not the time at hand when the bar—so tenuous of its dignity, so proud of its personnel—must take steps to discourage the selling of its best brains to clients who look not for justice but for delay, or for immunity from the righteous punishment of their offences?

WORK AND IDLENESS, THE LESSON OF TWO DEATHS.



TWO incidents which occurred in New York within the last few days serve to lay emphasis upon the unhappy state of the man without an occupation.

It is not for us to question in the slightest degree the worry and oftentimes the agony of the man who finds himself with heavy responsibilities and with wholly insufficient earnings. His is a sorrowful lot, and oftentimes it drives him to the point of rash action. Yet even more often necessity stimulates him to more arduous efforts and forces him to take the upward path through struggle to prosperity. And during the struggle at least his mind is engaged, his best activities, intellectual and physical, are enlisted in his fight. He has no time for morbidness.

Last week, says the New York American, two men, both rich beyond any need, both of good family and having entrance to the best society, so called, of the city, killed themselves under almost identical circumstances in their bachelor apartments. None of the reasons for which men commit suicide could be applied to these two unfortunates. They were rich, not entangled improperly in any way, were healthy and jocular. To most men their lot would seem ideal. All, apparently, that led them

to take themselves out of the world was that they were "bored."

One, having ample means, had tried to be a banker, but found it uninteresting. The other had tried business in Wall street, but found no diversion in that. Each had enjoyed the pleasures of Newport, of London and of Paris. Each one had possessed all that money and leisure could give to a man. One at the age of forty-four, the other at the age of forty-six, found life no longer worth living, and thought the ready revolver the best way out of a stupid existence.

Probably nine out of ten of those who read this brief article upon these unhappy representatives of the leisure class will think that had they the same opportunities they might have led their lives better. It may be true, but it probably is not. Some stimulus to a useful life is necessary. That stimulus, we do not believe is the ever-present dread of poverty, for that, instead of stimulating, deadens the intellectual faculties. But, on the other hand, for one to feel that his life is made for him, that he has all the means necessary for his comfort, and that his future can mean nothing more than rolling up unnecessary dollars, is to stifle his best instincts. A man of unusual qualities—an artist, a philanthropist, an inventor—might live this down, but for the mass of us the better line of life and of work is the happy medium between poverty and riches, between industry and idleness, and also between deadening slavery and stimulating work.

THE BABY'S SMILE.



IN my part of the town there lives the prettiest baby, it seems to me, that I ever laid eyes on, says Rev. T. B. Gregory in the New York American.

In a way, all babies are pretty, but this particular baby is a "dream," the loveliest human rosebud that ever beamed in its innocent beauty upon this old sin-laden, sorrow-stricken world!

Meeting the three-months-old cherub along the street the other day, I begged the privilege of taking her in my arms. I had scarcely got her arranged so that I could look into her face, when the little black eyes suddenly lighted up, and there passed over the plump peachblow cheeks and their dimples the smile that seemed too beautiful for earth!

It might have been called the "smile of God"—for was not the little one fresh from the great Creator's hands? Was she not absolutely stainless, purer even than the snow that has just fallen from the heavens upon the high mountain top?

There was purity in that baby smile. The holiest of the holy might have looked upon it with unmingled satisfaction and joy.

In that smile there was nothing sinister or mercenary. It was a hearty smile; an honest smile, a smile that came straight from the heart, "in which there was no guile."

In that baby smile there was, too, if I may say it, the solemnity that brought over the mind a hush like that of death, for as I looked down into the little dimpled, radiant face I could not but feel "How awful Goodness is!"

"My God!" I thought to myself, "compared with this baby's smile 'how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!'"

I thought of the Sin that pressed down so many men and women with its great weight of woe; I thought of the degradation and misery that were on all sides parading themselves before our eyes; I thought of the purlieus of vice and the dens of shame where the vice is too black and the shame too deep for the light to see—and the Baby kept on smiling!

The juxtaposition of reflection and fact was well calculated to create in the mind "thoughts that were too deep for tears," for who could help noting the difference between the spirit of the world and that of the Baby's smile?

But there was an aftermath of good cheer and courage. I knew that the Baby's Smile was genuine, absolutely and unqualifiedly "true, beautiful and good," a part of the Old Eternal Loveliness and Virtue, and I said to myself, "Cheer up! The Baby's Smile is stronger than all the world's insincerity, and greed, and hate, and sin, and is destined yet to win the victory!"

I asked the Baby, in such poor English as I was able to command, what it thought about it, and in some sort of celestial language it cooed and gazed back the answer that all was well, that the Satyr and the Ox and the Lion and the Bear—all that degraded and all that tears and hurts—would be eventually purified and made gentle, and that a "Little child should lead them."

AMERICAN METTLE.



HAT is the mettle of the American? asked a novelist in one of the most notable American books of recent years. Has the American developed any new virtue or carried any old virtue forward to characteristic development? Has he added to the civilization of Europe the spectacle of a single virtue transcending all other virtues? We are not, declares the novelist, braver than other brave people, we are not more

polite, we are not more honest or more truthful or more sincere or kind. Then he gives expression to this sentiment: "I wish to God that some virtue, say the virtue of truthfulness, could be known throughout the world as the unflinching mark of the American—the mettle of his pasture. Not to lie in business, not to lie in religion—to be honest with one's fellow-men, with God—suppose the rest of mankind would agree that this virtue constituted the characteristic of the American! That would be fame for ages."

Do not the motives of present American life in a measure answer the question, What is the American mettle? And is not that mettle the fundamental truthfulness of Americanism? Every agitation of the times marks the principle underlying American institutions, defines and emphasizes it—the principle of truthfulness, integrity, fair play, says the St. Louis Republic.

Judged from the manifestations of its public life within the past few years, America's strongest motive is honesty. Surface conditions in the era of industrialism may have belied the essential moving principle, but the first pause and introspection raise and vindicate it. Just now we are witnessing a moral revolt against dishonesty which has every evidence of being real, thorough and profound. The principle of honesty in every department of life has been for long months, and even years, the first topic with the American people. Like heaven it is at work upon the whole substance of affairs, with a power which cannot be denied.

In occupying themselves with an abstraction, a rule or principle of conduct, the American people are doing what no other people has done in history. Nations have occupied themselves with principles of government, and revolutions have been worked in peace which had to do with political abstractions; but no nation before has devoted itself to a consideration of ethics; no nation has ever set itself to reform its everyday life prompted solely by ethical considerations. As has been before observed, morals are possessing an almost sensational interest for the public; and the keen zest and at the same time sober and thorough purpose with which discussion is cutting down to the question of integrity, truthfulness and fair dealing warrant the highest hopes for future conduct which will reflect the true mettle of America.

OUR CONSULAR SERVICE.



SECRETARY Taft's report on the consular service of this country, especially in China, is well worth serious consideration by congress and the people. The trade of the Orient is worth more to the United States than that of all Europe, and it is in an almost virgin state. We need the most capable agents that can be obtained, and they will need every possible facility in paying the way to enable us to compete with Japan and the European nations for China's rich and undeveloped trade. The farmers of the West are keenly interested in developing this new and practically unlimited market for their wheat and other products, the South is no less interested in this great opportunity for the expansion of its cotton trade, and the whole country will be enormously benefited by the exports of all kinds of manufactured goods.

In a Washington dispatch Secretary Taft explained that the American consule are poorly paid, inadequately equipped with clerical help and occupy buildings not in keeping with the dignity of the country they represent. One European country, he stated, had ten times as many men in the consular service in Shanghai as the Americans. It is a wonder, he added, that this country is able to secure such able and capable men as it has in the consular service in the Orient, men who are working hard and conscientiously, when they are paid such low salaries. He also pointed out that an ambassador received but \$17,500 where it cost him \$25,000 to live.

An unfortunate impression prevails in many persons' minds that the diplomatic and consular service is more or less ornamental and that these foreign representatives of ours mostly lead lives of ease and idleness, drawing salaries for sinecures. On the contrary, they are the best trade getters this country could have abroad, or at least they can be made so if they are properly equipped with the useful facilities for such work. Germany's rapid rise to commercial wealth and importance within the past decade or so is due in a large measure to her efficient and watchful consular service, which is earnestly backed and supported by the German emperor, who has been called the best trade getter in all Europe.

"Who ever saw a perfect man?" asked a revivalist. "There is no such thing. Every man has his faults; plenty of them." Of course no one had ever seen a perfect man, and consequently the statement of the revivalist was received with silence. Then the revivalist continued: "Who ever saw a perfect woman?" At this juncture a tall, thin woman arose. "Do you mean to say, madam, the evangelist asked, 'that you have seen a perfect woman?'" "Well, I can't just say that I have seen her," the woman replied, "but I have heard a powerful lot about her, my husband's first wife."